Oh Richard! Yorke is too farre gone with griefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
King. Why Vnckle, whats the matter?
Yorke. Oh my liege, pardon me if you pleaſe,
If not, I pleaſd, not to be pardoned, am content with all;
Seeke you to ſeize and gripe into your hands,
The roialties and rights of banniſht Herford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iuſt? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deſeruing ſonne?
Take Herfordes rights away, and take from time
His Charters and his cuſtomarie rights;
Let not to morrow then enſue to day:
Be not thy ſelfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire ſequence, and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeize Herfords right,
Call in the Letters patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to ſue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You loſe a thouſand well diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.
King. Thinke what you will, we ſeize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his land.
York. Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will inſue hereof, there's none can tell:
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
King. Go Buſhie, to the Earle of Wiltſhire ſtraight,
Bid him repayre to vs to Ely houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time I trow;
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iuſt, and alwayes loued vs well:

Come

Line 7 Hereford 8 Hereford. 12 Herefords. 18 Herefords. 27 landes.

Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort.

Exeunt King and Queene. Manet North.
North. Well Lordes, the Duke of Lancaſter is d
Roſſe. And liuing too, for now his ſonne is Duk
Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.
North. Richly in both, if iuſtice had her right.
Roſſe. My heart is great, but it muſt breake with
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.
Nort. Nay ſpeake thy mind, & let him nere ſpe
That ſpeakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.
Willough. Tend's that thou wouldſt ſpeake, to
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him
Roſſe. No good at all, that I can doe for him:
Vnleſſe you call it good, to pitty him,
Bereft and gelded of his Patrimonie.
Nort. Now afore God 'tis ſhame, ſuch wrongs a
In him a royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The King is not himſelfe, but bacely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate againſt any of vs all,
That will the King ſeuerely proſecute,
Againſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſſe. The Commons hath he pild with grieuou
And quite loſt their hearts: The Nobles hath he fi
For auncient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Wollough. And dayly new exactions are deuiſde
As Blanckes, Beneuolences, and I wot not what.
North. But what a Gods name doth become of
Willo. Warres hath not waſted it; for warr'd he h
But bacely yeelded vpon compromiſe,
That which his noble Anceſtors atchiude with bl
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in Warres.
Roſſe. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the Realme i
Willo. The King's growne bankrout like a brok

Line ult. The king growen.